

The Historie

hot as molten lead, & as heauie too: God keepe leade out of me,
Ineed no more weight then mine owne bowels, I haue led my
rag of Muffins where they are pepperd, theres not three of my
150. left aliue, and they are for the townes ende, to beg during
life: but who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What, stands thou idle here? lend me thy sword,
Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe,
Vnder the hooves of vaunting enemies,
whose deaths are yet vnreuegd. I preethe lend mee thy sword.

Falst. O Hal, I preethe giue me leaue to breath a while, Turke
Gregorie neuer did such deeds in a times as I haue don this day,
I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
I preethe lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay before God Hal, if Percy be aliue thou gets not my
sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me, what? is it in the case?

Falst. I Hal, tis hot, tis hot, theres that will sacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to iest and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him. Exit.

Falst. Well if Percy be aliue, ile pierce him, if hee doe come in
my way so, if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make
a Carbonado of me, I like not such grinning honour as sir Wal-
ter hath, giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honor comes
vnlookt for, and theres an end.

*Alarme, excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn
of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland.*

King. I preethe Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too
Lord Iohn of Lancaster go you with him. (much,

P. Iohn. Not I my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your maiestie make vp,
Least your retirement do amaze your friends. (tent.

King. I will do so. My Lord of Westmerland lead him to his
West. Come my Lord, ile lead you to your tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe,
And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The

of Henrie the fourth.

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where staine nobilitie lies troden on,
And rebels armes triumphe in massacres.

Ioh. We breath too long, come cosen Westmerland
Our dutie this way lies: For Gods sake come.

Prin. By God thou hast deceiud me Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit,
Before I lou'd thee as a brother Iohn,
But now I do respect thee as my soule.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the poynt,
With lustier maintenance then I did looke for
Of such an vngrowne warrior.

Prin. O this boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Doug. Another king, they grow like Hydraes heads,
I am the Douglas farall to all those
That weare those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfetst the person of a King?

King. The king himself, who Douglas grieues at hart,
So many of his shadowes thou hast met
And not the verie king, I haue two boies
Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the field,
But seeing thou falst on me so luckily
I will assay thee and defend thy selfe.

Doug. I feare thou art another counterfet,
And yet in faith thou bearest thee like a king,
But mine I am sure thou art who ere thou be,
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the king being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits
Of Valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt are in my armes,
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promifeth but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flieeth.

Cheerly my Lord, how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton, ile to Clifton straight.

King. Stay and breath a while,

K e Thou